

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusement, &c.

VOLUME XXII.

WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, MAY 24, 1865.

NUMBER 12

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Two dollars per annum, if paid in advance; and two dollars and fifty cents if not paid in advance.

No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid.

JOB PRINTING

Executed with neatness and dispatch at this office and at reasonable prices.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One square, three weeks . . . \$4.00
One square, six months . . . \$6.00
One square, nine months . . . \$8.00
One square, twelve months . . . \$10.00
Column, one year . . . \$25.00
do do . . . \$50.00
do do . . . \$80.00

Twelve lines, or less, will be charged as one square.

All legal advertisements will be charged by the line.

Notices of the appointment of Administrators, and Executors, also

Attachment Notices, must be paid in advance.

Twenty-five per cent. additional will be charged on the price of job work if not paid in advance, and on advertising if not paid before taken out.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are served, they are held responsible till they have settled the bill, and ordered their discontinuance.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Professional Cards.

JAMES E. MORRIS. | JOHN S. WAY

MORRIS & WAY.

Attorneys & Counsellors

AT LAW,

Woodsfield, Monroe County, Ohio.

Opp. Office, over Walton's New Store.

April 29, 1865.

J. C. AMOS. | J. R. SPRIGGS.

AMOS & SPRIGGS,

Attorneys and Counsellors

AT LAW,

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Office—Two doors north of the Drug Store or old Monroe House.

April 26, 1865.

JACOB T. MORRILL,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Clarion, Monroe County, O.

Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Commissions and amicable adjustment always first sought, and litigation used only as the last resort.

Oct. 31, '60.

Dr. W. T. Sinclair

Having resumed the Practice of Medicine, tenders his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door north of Drigg's Store.

DR. J. H. PIERSON

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity. He may always be found ready to accommodate his numerous patrons at the office formerly occupied by T. J. Adams, on Main Street, one door south of Moore's store.

May 16, 1865.—17.

MONROE MUTUAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

WOODSFIELD, O.

Organized in 1852.

Capital \$125,000 in Premiums Not secured by first lien on Real estate.

THIS COMPANY insures first class property against loss by fire on better terms than any other Company in the State.

LOSSES PROMPTLY ADJUSTED.

Applications for insurance can be made by mail or by personal application at the Secretary's office in Woodsfield.

Office of the Company, above Walton's Store, Main Street, Woodsfield, Ohio.

J. S. S. WAX, Secretary.

February 3, 1865.—3m.

BLANK DEEDS

AND MORTGAGES

For Sale at this office.

Poetry.

OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

Thank God, the sky is clearing!

The clouds are hurrying past;

Thank God, the day is nearing!

The dawn is coming fast.

And when glad herald voices

Shall tell us peace has come,

This thought shall most rejoice us,

"Our boys are coming home!"

Soon shall the voice of singing

Drawn war's tremendous din;

Soon shall the joy-bells ring

Bring peace and freedom in.

The jubilee bonfires burning

Shall soon light up the dome,

And soon to soothe our yearning,

Our boys are coming home.

The vacant bedside places

Have waited for them long;

The love-light lacks their faces,

The chorus waits their song;

A shadowy fear has haunted

The long deserted room;

But now our prayers are granted,

Our boys are coming home!

O mother, calmly waiting

For that beloved son!

O sister, proudly doting

The victories he has won!

O maiden, softly humming

The love-song while you roam—

Joy, joy, the boys are coming—

Our boys are coming home!

And yet—oh, keenest sorrow

They're coming, but not all;

Full many a dark to-morrow

Shall wear its sable pall.

For thousands who are sleeping

Beneath the unpurged loam;

Who wait for those we're weeping,

Who never will come home!

O sad heart, hush thy grieving,

Wait, but a little while!

With hope and believing

Thy woe and fear beguile.

Wait for the joyous meeting

Beyond the starry dome.

For there our boys are waiting

To bid us welcome home.

MORRISMAN, April 3, 1865. W. G.

THE THREE CROUSES.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

The pine woods were very quiet. There

seemed no sound, not even the dropping

of a cone. The sun shone brightly upon

the snow, for it was March weather, and

only a week before there had been a fall

of snow which was now crusted and sparkling.

The wild wind of the night had gone

down, and the woods were very silent.

Agnes Dale wandered into the woods,

looking for crocuses. Last season they

had grown on the South border of White

Pine Woods, and she was looking for them

there again. She looked very carefully

as she walked, for she had made the sign

of her finding one a prophecy of success

in her secret hope.

She was hardly fifteen years old, and

had a sweet, young face. Under a little

dark worsted hood her bright golden hair

was crushed in clustering rings, but a few

shining tendrils had escaped, and hung

about her broad, white forehead. She

had blue eyes, as dark as pansies, and full

of sweet earnestness. Her features were

regular and spirited, and her expression

grave, though so innocent, was mature

beyond her years.

Her coarse patched dress told of poverty,

as did the little hands, hardened and

reddened by toil.

The woods covered a hill. When she

had reached the summit, she turned and

looked down through the pine boles upon

the path which wound through the fields

to the school-house. Some neatly dressed

girls were sauntering along with their

satchels. Agnes surveyed them sorrowfully.

"Oh, if I could only go to school!" she

murmured.

The girl felt keenly her deprivations.

She was poor, deprived of educational

advantages, and hungry for knowledge.

"I am so tired of working and eating

and sleeping, like the cattle," she mur-

mured, "and never learning anything. Oh,

if I only could go to school!"

Just then her eyes fell upon a little

pale crocus, growing from a dead soil.

She plucked it joyfully.

"Oh, it is a harbinger of good fortune!

—it promises me good fortune!" she cried.

"I said to myself that if I found one

it would be a sign that I should go to

school. Oh, I do hope that I can!"

Just then a pretty little jennet came

cantering down the hill. Agnes turned

quickly, and the movement attracted the

attention of the jennet's rider. He was

a young man, with fair hair blowing

about a handsome forehead, under a fur

cap. He drew in his horse, and beckon-

ed to Agnes. She came down the hill-

side, her heart beating heavily.

"Are you the little girl named Agnes

Dale?" asked Howard Mant.

"Yes," Agnes answered, rather awed

by the blue eyes bent steadily upon her.

"You want to go to school, my sister

says."

"I do, very much."

"Well, tell your father that I will give

you your tuition gratuitously if you'd

like to come to the Academy. My sister

speaks of you so favorably that I shall

find it a pleasure to be of any assistance

in my power to you."

Five years later. Again the pine woods

were sunny and quiet. Again the cro-

cuses peeped above the snow.

A carriage came winding down the road

It stopped at the foot of the hill, and

Agnes Dale stepped out. She wrapped

her fur closely about her delicate shoulders

as she passed up the hill into the

woods.

She was paler than she had been five

years before. The delicate face told of

sedentary occupations and the exhaustion

of study. The rich dress and stylish man-

ner told also of fashionable life—the

pageant of ball and opera, the assemblies

of society and matinee. Ah, Agnes Dale

was then the worshipped idol of New

York's choicest society.

A breeze brought her the far-off sound

of clattering hoofs.

"Perhaps that is he," she murmured.

"I do not think he will fail."

She shivered a little with the chill of

the snowy woods, though the sunshine

was falling brightly upon the beautiful

golden hair, her robe of fine, wide-hued

cashmere, and the cloak of glossy fur

which dressed her. Furnace-heated rooms

and the rounds of fashionable life had

slightly enervated her frame, yet she looked

the rarer for her fragility as she waited

in that pine wood for the coming of

Howard Mant.

The clatter of hoofs came nearer. Soon

the forms of a horse and rider were seen

galloping down the road. They passed

at the foot of the hill, and Howard Mant

came up the hillside. As he came to the

side of Agnes Dale he raised his hat and

took her extended hand.

"I arranged this meeting because I

could not see you alone at the house with

out attracting the attention of others," said

Agnes Dale.

Howard Mant bowed.

"Mr. Mant," she went on, "the gentle-

man who accompanied me from New York,

Mr. Chester, is my affianced husband."

"I had surmised so," Mant answered,

briefly.

"I will not profess that I love him as

much even as I have loved you, but I

will be of the greatest service in my literary

career. I need not tell you that I am

wedded to that, heart and soul. His

talents and desires are similar to mine, and

we shall be mutually advantageous to

each other."

"I recognize Mr. Chester as a writer of

great ability. I wish you joy, Miss Dale,"

replied Howard Mant.

"It is unnecessary to add more," said

Miss Dale, drawing her fur wraps more

closely about her. "I have chosen my

destiny now."

"I understand. I sincerely hope you

may be happy."

"Thank you. And you, Mr. Mant, have

my most sincere wishes that you may

meet one worthy of your love, and may

find life satisfactory."

He bowed, and gave her his hand to

conduct her back to the carriage. She

stepped in and he closed the door, made

his farewells, and gravely turned away.

Agnes Dale leaned back among the velvet

cushions, with a long sigh. Was there a

sign of weariness only? Was there no

foreboding of her great error in the

shudder which passed over her when as

she bid the coachman drive rapidly home?

I do not know. I can only say that she

was very pale that evening when she was

married, and still very pale when she

turned her face in adieu upon her native

village as the stage-coach bore her, with

her husband, past familiar scenes, among

which was the home of Howard Mant, to

the depot.

Five years and a month more. It was

April weather. The birches of the woods

had budded, and the trailing arbutus was

hiding its pink flowers under the dried

leaves. The woods were full of the pines

balmy scent, and the south breezes

brought the fragrance of the coming sum-

mer.

Howard Mant was strolling through the

woods. He was a grave, bearded man of

nearly forty. His face was serious and